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Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Lumber, Shin-
gles, Lath, Pickets, Timber &c. Business Of-
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236, Adams Street, Chicago, Ill.

**Boot & Shoe Manufacturing and Re-
pairing Shop**, (up stairs,) over Wallace's
Store, Washington Street, Grand Haven.
E. KIDNEY, Foreman.

Wm. Bentley's Billiard Saloon, (up
stairs,) second door East of the Ottawa House,
Water Street, Grand Haven, Mich.

E. W. Lewis, Proprietor of the Cot-
tage Saloon, is now prepared to serve up,
on short notice, Warm Meals, Oyster Stews, Pig
Feet, Sardines, &c., &c. Saloon, near Singer's
Hall, Mill Point, Mich.

BIRTH-SPOT MEMORIES.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

Ah, how the silent memories of years
Are stirring in my spirit. I have been
A lone and joyless wanderer. I have roamed
Abroad through other climes, where tropic flowers
Were offering up their incense, and the stars
Swimming like living creatures; I have stayed
Where the soft skies of Italy were hung
In beautiful transparency above,
And glory floating like a lovely dream
O'er the rich landscape; yet dear fancy still,
Mid all the ruder glow of brighter realms,
Of turned to picture the remembered home,
That blest its earliest day-dreams. Must I go
Forth in the world again! I've proved its joys,
Till joy was turned to bitterness—I've felt
Its sorrows till I thought my heart would burst
With the fierce rush of tears! The sorrowing babe
Clings to its mother's breast. The bleeding dove
Flies to her native vale, and nestles there
To die amid the quiet grove, where first
She tried her tender pinion. I could love
Thus to repose amid these peaceful scenes
To memory dear. Oh! were passing sweet
To rest forever on this lovely spot,
Where passed my days of innocence—to dream
Of the pure stream of infant happiness
Sunk in life's wild and burning sands—to dwell
On visions faded, till my broken heart
Should cease to throb—to purify my soul
With high and holy musings—and to lift
Its aspirations to the central home
Of love and peace and holiness in heaven

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—What is wanting in reason, upon
an argument, is too often supplied by rage.
—Pride and roughness may turn one's
humor, but flattery turns one's stomach.
—The soul is a prisoner that always
kills its jailer when it makes its escape.
—Envy is the breath which dulls the
polished steel of friendship.

—Truth is a picture; the manner of
speaking it is the frame that displays
it to advantage.

—It is said that General Scott voted
at the election in New-York, recently, for
the first time in fifty years.

—A young man in New-York, having
advertised, for a wife, received word from
eighteen married men that he might have
them.

—Why does an aching tooth impose
silence on the sufferer?
Because it makes him hold his jaw.

—If a man is not tall at twenty, hand-
some at thirty, wise at forty, and rich at
fifty, he never will be tall, handsome,
wise or rich.

—Saloons are no more of a fit place
for boys to spend their evenings in, than
a pocket with a hole in it, is a fit place to
keep money in.

—A fellow who tried to get up a con-
cert with the band of a hat, is the same
genius who a few weeks since, played up
on the affections of an up-town lady.

—All of the public houses of Char-
lotte, Eaton county, have abandoned the
sale of liquors, in response to the public
opinion of the place. A good example to
follow.

—A model young lady just graduated
from Kalamazoo, remarked, "I cannot
deceive how the young gentlemen can
drink to such excess when they know it is
so injurious to their institutions."

—Five students of the Brown Univer-
sity have been expelled from that institu-
tion for the grave offences of attending
a funeral of a classmate at Roxbury, after
permission to do so had been expressly
refused to them by the President.

—A machinist in Manchester, Eng-
land, has just finished a new printing
press, which he claims will print 15,000
sheets, on both sides, every hour it is run.
He adheres to the Hoe principle, but
claims to have made improvements by
which the press is more cheaply construct-
ed and a higher rate of speed attained.

—He who has a love for nature can
never be alone. In the shell he picks up
on the shore—in the leaf, fading at his
feet—in the grain of sand and the morning
dew, he sees enough to employ his
mind for hours. Such a mind is never
idle. He studies the works of his Master
which he sees all around him and
finds a pleasure of which the devotee of
sin and folly can form no conception.

—John W. Farmer who spent thou-
sands in New-York, last winter, in aid of
the poor, spread a table on New Year's
day, at his house in Ludlow street, solely
for the benefit of the poor. There
were plenty of roast turkeys, hams, New
Year's cakes, bread, wine, &c. &c., and
numbers called during the day. After
all had helped themselves to what they
needed, Mr. Farmer presented each adult
with twenty-five cents.

From the Enquirer & Herald.
GRAND HAVEN CORRESPONDENCE.

GRAND HAVEN, JAN. 3, 1859.

My last communication had reference
to the Press of Ottawa County. Cer-
tain of our brethren seem to take a lit-
tle exception to some facts therein stated,
bearing upon their personal reputation as
chroniclers of passing events, and the
position by them occupied in community;
but our reputation as a faithful historian,
demanded of us a true and impartial
sketch of our subject, and all disinter-
ested parties affirm that it was given.

We now propose to give briefly, the
present condition of the Church in old
Ottawa. But before entering upon this
subject in detail, permit us to premise a
little. It was long a problem, difficult
indeed of solution to visitors and men of
business visiting the different portions of
our county, whether "pure religion and
undefiled" had even a semblance of exist-
ence within our borders; and some even
may have been so seriously impressed
with the Egyptian-like darkness that ev-
erywhere prevailed, that they did implor-
ingly solicit the Executive Board of the
Home Missionary Society to send, with-
out delay, an illuminating spirit to dispel
the thick darkness that brooded over us,
and usher in, if possible, a gleam of mor-
al and religious light. But, in the mean
time, a sort of pine-wood religion had,
for long years, nay, we might affirm, from
the first settlement of our county, exist-
ed—consisting in banking during the week
as large a number of good merchantable
pine logs as possible, and, on Sunday,
engaging in the usual recreation of a hol-
iday, to wit: hunting, fishing, wrestling,
pitching the quoit, &c., and in the sum-
mer, perhaps the additional pastime of
rafting to market the logs put in readiness
during the week.

But marked exceptions to this kind
of mammon, pine-log worship, here and
there prevailed, though at intervals that
scarce presented a redeeming feature, ex-
cept in our villages and the more thickly
settled communities, where occasionally
dwelt a household where the suppliant
knee was, morn and eve, bent to the Great
Creator in humble prayer and praise.

In all our wide and extended territory,
North, South, East and West, not a single
Church edifice existed, to the knowl-
edge of the writer, with the exception of
two erected at the village of Lamont,
and those built by our much esteemed and
pious adopted citizens, the Hollanders;
who, in all their wanderings from the
"Fader Land," never forgot the religion
of their ancestors, but who, when they
pitch their tents in the home sought for
an adoption, fail not, among their first
acts, to erect a tabernacle to the Most
High—to the shame and rebuke of those
enjoying, to a far greater degree, the
blessings of home, liberty, and the pa-
tronage of a government whose fostering
care and protection of her free and noble
institutions of learning and religion, have
given to our country a name far more ex-
cellent among the nations than is possess-
ed by any other political power "neath
the blue vault of heaven."

Strangely, indeed, did the tall smoke
pipes of our mammoth steam mills, erect-
ed for the manufacture of those same
pine logs to which reference is had above,
contrast with the humble spire of the
churches of our Lamont citizens, and of
this God-saving people who discard the
pine log fealty, so almost universally
prevail around them.

In certain localities, you might take a
favorable position for observation, and
in the wide extended range of your
vision, from half a dozen to half a score
of these lumber manufactories reared from
their sooty, ash-laden roofs, the tall pipe
that sent far into the clouds, in thick vol-
umes, the exhausting steam that drives
the mighty machinery that dissects the
ponderous pine logs, and fits it to assume
its destined position in the beautiful man-
sion about to be erected for the abode of
wealth and splendor, but not a plank or
clapboard to be used in perfecting and
beautifying an edifice, from whose tall,
New England-like spire, the sweet tones
of the Sabbath bell might direct the
master and his workmen, the stranger
and sojourner, each returning Sabbath,
to the place, where, in thanksgiving and
praise, their gratitude might ascend to
God, the author of all their prosperity
and happiness. But, happily for the
moral and religious reputation and well-
being of our citizens, a marked change
for the better has taken place in our midst
within the last three years, of which I
propose to particularize in my next.

OTTAWA.

From Harper's Magazine for December.
OUR NEW MINISTER'S WIFE.

There had been a pastoral change in
our congregation. The people, after ten
years' trial of good old Mr. Wharton, and
his amiable and compliant wife, came to
the conclusion that a different kind of a
preacher, with a different kind of a wife,
would vastly improve their spiritual con-
dition. There was a lack of strength
about Mr. Wharton (so it was alleged),
and certain prominent ladies of the
church had wished (aloud) so often that
Mrs. Wharton were less old-fashioned in
her ways, that change sooner or later,
had come to be a settled thing in the
minds of a majority. It was simply a
question of time; and time settled the
question. The change was made. Old
Mr. Wharton and his wife retired, and
Rev. Mr. Newton and his wife took their
places in the pastorate of the congrega-
tion—I say "Mr. Newton and his wife,"
for our people think, or used to think,
that when they "hired a minister," they
hired his wife also, and regarded her du-
ties among them in quite as high a light
as they did the duties of her husband.

I happened to be away from the vil-
lage at the time this change was made,
and did not return until after Mr. New-
ton and his wife had been doing duty for
something over three months.

"How do you like your new minister?"
was among the first of inquiries.

"He's a charming preacher," was the
reply I received on every hand. Yet I
saw, by the manner of my friends, that
some drawback existed.

"How do you like his wife?"

Ah! the mystery was solved. Mr.
Newton was well enough. But his wife!
"What kind of a woman is she?" I
asked.

"Don't know. Can't make her out,"
was the vague answer I received.

"Is she anything like Mrs. Wharton?"

"Oh dear, no! I only wish she was.
Why she doesn't take a particle of inter-
est in the church. Hasn't been to one
of the monthly concerts for prayer; nor
to the weekly sewing-circle; nor even to
the Sabbath school. We calculated en-
tirely on her taking the senior girl's class,
which Mrs. Wharton taught for so many
years; and a committee of ladies waited
on her with an invitation to do so; but
she actually declined, saying that she had
neither taste nor aptitude for teaching!—
Now, what do you think of that for a
minister's wife! Did you ever hear the
beat of it?"

I saw, at a glance, that there was
trouble ahead; for Miss Phoebe Lane, who
made me this communication, was an
active "circulating medium" in the con-
gregation. She knew everybody's busi-
ness, talked to everybody, and acted as
opinion-maker to a large majority of la-
dies who had too much to do in their own
families to have time for independent
thinking in church matters.

I must confess that I felt a sort of
liking for Mrs. Newton, on this represen-
tation of Miss Lane. Mrs. Wharton and
had been such a pliant subject in the
hands of my apostate friend, and a few
like her, that an involuntary respect was
created for a minister's wife who, in com-
ing among us, could from the beginning
show that she had an individuality of her
own, and meant to hold on by it.

Two or three days' intercourse with
the members of the congregation satisfi-
ed me that Mrs. Newton would not do
for the church of St. Charity. When
and where that lady was canonized I
have never learned. I have my suspi-
cions that Miss Phoebe Lane, who re-
christened the parish on the occasion of
the building of our new church, was not
particularly well read in the saintish cal-
ender. But let that pass. Ours was the
church of St. Charity. Mr. Newton was
such a delightful man! Such a preacher!
So active in all the interests of the so-
ciety! So pious! So humble-minded!
But his wife! No woman could be less
suited to her condition. It was even
doubted whether she was a professor!—
Phoebe Lane was positive about it; and
averred that she didn't believe there was
a spark of piety in her soul. How a man
like Mr. Newton could ever have mated
himself with such a wife was regarded
by Miss Lane as one of the inexplicable
mysteries. "A man like Mr. Newton,
who might have had his choice among
women!"

I went to church with no ordinary feel-
ing of interest on the Sabbath following
my return. Whether my leading impul-
ses were of earth, earthy, or of heaven,
heavenly, I will not stop to question.—

Five minutes before the time of service
to begin, a lady just above the medium
height, beautifully formed, and with a
step of blended grace and dignity, passed
along the aisle, leading a child by the
hand, and took a seat in the minister's
pew. Although not in any sense gaily
dressed, there was a style and air about
her that by no means indicated a pious
disregard of worldly things. Taste
had evidently presided at her toilet. I
noticed a slight fluttering through the
congregation, and the turning of many
heads towards the minister's pew, which
occupied the most prominent place in the
church. The lady did not look around
her, nor show the slightest sign of inter-
est in the people. How different in all
things was her appearance and bearing
from the kind, good, compliant Mrs.
Wharton, whose pleasant, almost smiling
face, I had seen for so many years in that
pew—a face turning, as by instinct, its
mild sunlight ever and anon upon the
congregation, while her husband broke for
them the Bread of Life.

The contrast was hardly agreeable.

"She'll never do," whispered a lady-
shadow of Miss Lane's, bending to my
ear from the pew just behind the one I
occupied. "Proud as a Lucifer, any one
can see. Such airs won't do for St. Char-
ity."

I made no reply. Though annoyed, I
was yet sensibly influenced by the re-
mark.

Very still, almost like a statue, sat
Mrs. N., the minister's wife, and I could
see that the child, a little girl six or sev-
en years old, leaned very close to her.—
How I wished she would turn toward the
congregation! How I longed to see her
face! But I was not granted this desire
until after the morning's services were
closed.

I was particularly pleased with Mr.
Newton. His sermon, in contrast with
the discourses I had listened to from the
lips of Mr. Wharton, was a masterpiece
of eloquence. No one listened to him
with more rapt attention than Mrs. New-
ton.

At last the services closed, and the
time came when my restless curiosity was
to be satisfied. The minister's wife
turned her face to the congregation, and
I had a view of every feature. It was a
face almost seen, to be remembered. Clas-
sic almost to severity in its outline, the
full lips and soft hazel eyes gave to it a
gentle expression. You saw at a glance
that she was a woman of thought as well
as feeling.

A few ladies gathered around her as
she stepped from the pew, and I noticed
that her countenance lit up very pleasant-
ly as she spoke to them. But there was
nothing obsequious; no undue familiar-
ity; no wordy affability. A certain air of
dignity and self-respect marked every at-
titude of her person and every expression
of her countenance. Any vulgar famili-
arity toward her was out of the question
—I saw that at a glance.

But only a few ladies in the congrega-
tion ventured to approach her. In the
eyes of many she was proud, and they
were not going to force themselves upon
her notice. The prejudice admitted into
their minds by others made them shun
rather than court her acquaintance. Of
the few who did not notice her some were
attracted by affinity, and some by a de-
sire to gain a little reflected importance.
Some thought it but hospitable to show
her attentions, as a stranger among them,
and acted accordingly, though force-work
was apparent. Desiring to meet her and
make her acquaintance, I asked to be in-
troduced, and was presented by a friend.
I thought her reception rather cold, and
after passing a formal word or two, mov-
ed past her to speak to an old acquaint-
ance whom I had not met for some time.

"How do you like our new minister's
wife?" was almost the first question.

"Can't say; must know something
about her first," I answered.

"She'll not do for us!" said my friend,
very warmly. "She's not the woman for
St. Charity!"

"What's the defect?" I inquired.

"It's all defect!" was the sweeping re-
ply. "Just look at her! A pretty thing
for a minister's wife, indeed! Why she
carries herself with the air of a queen!"

"Mr. Newton," said I, "is a most
charming speaker. I think I never heard
a more beautiful sermon."

"Oh, Mr. Newton is splendid," replied
my acquaintance warmly. "But his wife!
Oh, dear! it's dreadful! What could
have possessed him to marry such a wo-
man! She'll never suit us in the world
—never, never! I don't believe she's a

professor. She didn't stay to the com-
munion last Sunday! Just to think of
that—and she's the minister's wife! It's
been the talk of the congregation ever
since! We fully expected her to take a
class in the Sunday school—but no! we
invited her to be present at our sewing
circle—but no! she couldn't leave her
children! A mere excuse, of course!—
Then we elected her President of our In-
dian Missionary Society; but she declin-
ed the honor, saying that she had neither
time nor taste for such public duties;
that with her, charity, for the present,
must begin at home. Now isn't that a
Christian spirit for you? Our minister's
wife to talk of charity beginning at home!
Why, she's a heathen!"

My church acquaintance waxed warm.
"Some of our people were eager enough
to get rid of dear, good Mrs. Wharton,"
she added. "She wasn't bright and
fashionable enough for them; but I rather
think they've got their dose now!"

I met here and there, a lady of our
church who belonged to the home duty
mind-your-own-business class, who did
not join in the hue and cry against Mrs.
Newton; and who thought that, if she
had neither taste nor inclination for Sab-
bath school teaching, sewing circles, or
missionary societies, the congregation
should not interfere with those peculiar-
ities. She had three little children, to
whom she gave all a mother's care; and
as the slender income which her husband
derived from the parish of St. Charity
(four hundred a year and the parsonage)
would warrant her in keeping only a sin-
gle domestic, a large part of her time had,
necessarily, to be given to house-hold
duties. "Nobody can say," remarked one
of these ladies, in my hearing, "that she
neglects her children, or waste's her hus-
band's income. The little parsonage has
never looked half so attractive, inside or
out, as now. Mrs. Wharton was not tid-
dy, as we all know; and things around
her were generally at sixes and sevens,
and as for her children, they were always
neglected. Many times have I seen them
playing in the dirt, while their mother
was at the sewing circle, or somewhere
else that she had no business to be."

But the ladies who talked in this way
were among the "queer" ones of the con-
gregation. They were not of the pious
kind. So all they said went for nothing.

Without "variableness or shadow of
turning" as Paul says, did Mrs. Newton
keep on her way. Home was her parish,
and she was content to do her duty
there. Occasionally she accepted an in-
vitation to take tea and spend an evening
abroad; but in most cases she declined
these pleasant entertainments, and though
over three months had passed there had
yet been no tea-drinking at the parsonage.
Mr. Newton, on the other hand, mingled
very freely with his congregation—sat
with them at their tables, and joined
them in their social gatherings. Of course,
the absence of Mrs. Newton on these oc-
casions always formed a subject of re-
mark, and it was generally voted that
her failure to accompany her husband
very seriously marred the pleasures of the
evening.

"Ah, if his wife were only like him!"
This was invariably the sighing ejacula-
tion of Phoebe Lane, or some of her
party.

At last the matter assumed so serious
a shape in the minds of certain leading
ladies in the parish that it was deter-
mined to wait upon Mrs. Newton and remon-
strate with her on the course she was pur-
suing—"a course of conduct," urged
Miss Lane, "that is working untold in-
jury to our church. Ever since she came
here a change for the worse has been go-
ing on in the congregation. Members are
growing cold or indifferent. Our sewing-
circles are losing their interest, the month-
ly concerts of prayer are badly attended,
the Sabbath school is dwindling away.—
The social sphere, always so warm and
attractive under the genial influence of
good Mrs. Wharton, is fast losing its pow-
er—and all from this strange conduct on
the part of our minister's wife. She must
be talked to on the subject. If she does
not know her duty she must be taught
it. If she won't hear her husband, she
must hear the congregation."

A committee of ladies—Miss Lane at
the head of them, and voluntary spokes-
woman—finally undertook to set Mrs.
Newton right in regard to her duties to
the parish, and formally waited upon her
for that purpose. Curiosity prompted
me to accept an offered membership in
that committee. Let me picture the in-
terview with Mrs. Newton.

[Continued on 4th Page.]